

EPITHALAMIUM

On the *Auspicious* Match, betwixt the Right
Honourable.

The Earl of WIGTOUN

And the truly Vertuous Lady

MARGARET LINDSAY

Daughter to the Right Honourable, The Earl of

BALCARROS.

NOW is the Time the *Origin* of Light,
Doth equally divide our Day from Night.
When the Musicians of the Air do sing
Melodious Notes to welcome in the Spring
When each of them do choose their proper Mate,
And Bill, and Hugg, and closely Copulate,
More through the Force of Love than *Phæbus* Heat,
This is the time when *Hymen* choof'd to join
This Worthy pair, and to make one of twain;
They're both descended of an Ancient Race
Which a long train of Noble Worthies Grace,
Both in the Flower of Age, and *Venus* Spring,
Are equally adorn'd in every thing;
He is a stately Personage and fair,
Endeu'd with each Accomplishment that's Rare,
Of nature, or Refined *Literature*,
Her very name insinuates her praise,
She is a Pearl indeed, and of great Price
She's Frugal, Chast, and Beautious and Wise,
Like the Wise Merchant in the Gospel Hee
Hath found the Pearl and hid Treasurie,
Which in true Computation is far more
Than all the Riches on the Eastern shoor,
And in *Requital* doth himself *Bequeath*,
A greater prize then either *India* hath;
The *Conquest's* Equal, Equal is the prize,
The acquisition's a sweet Paradise
On either side, it doth surpass my Skill
T'express the pleasure that they both shall feel,
When he and she in *Hymens* name shall bow,
And pay to each the duty that they owe.

A. B.